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"I could pursue this subject willingly, but I have some strange notions about it, which it is perhaps wiser not loosely to set down. I content myself with finally reasserting, what has been throughout the burden of the preceding pages, that whatever rank, or whatever importance, may be attributed or attached to their immediate subject, there is at least some value in the analogies with which its pursuit has presented us, and some instruction in the frequent reference of its commonest necessities to the mighty laws, in the sense and scope of which all men are builders, whom every hour sees laying the stubble or the stone.

"I have paused, not once nor twice, as I wrote, and often have checked the course of what might otherwise have been importunate persuasion, as the thought has crossed me, how soon all architecture may be vain, except that which is not made with hands. There is something ominous in the light which has enabled us to look back with disdain upon the ages among whose lovely vestiges we have been wandering. I could smile when I hear the hopeful exultation of many, at the new reach of worldly science, and vigor of worldly effort; as if we were again at the beginning of days. There is thunder on the horizon as well as dawn. The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar." p. 177.

We shall have answered our end, if we have gratified a few by the thoughts here suggested, and still more, if we direct any of our readers to a work abounding in close and exact illustration, which we have had no room so much as to refer to, as well as in passages of exquisite beauty and vivid eloquence, of which we have culled only a few of the most prominent.

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ART. III. — *Dix Ans d'Études Historiques*. Par AUGUSTIN THIERRY, Membre de l'Institut. Quatrième Edition, revue et augmentée. Paris. 1842.

WHEN a child who has received a new toy, gives but one moment to the ecstasy of admiration, and straightway proceeds to pull the ingenious machine to pieces, the chances are that he will be made to smart for his diligence; yet the punishment, whatever may be said of its justice, is very sure to prove ineffectual. The angry parent ought to recognize in himself

the same natural impulse that he is striving to expel from the breast of his offspring. The disposition, the faculty, in us, that never meets an effect without searching for its cause, is common to all. Who will not bear witness to the satisfaction with which he learned how Pope filed down a score of rough verses into the needle-like point of an epigrammatic couplet ; how Johnson used to forge a whole chain of ponderous and polished iambics at a single blast ; and how the mind of Coleridge composed melodious rhymes whilst wandering amidst " the howling wilderness of sleep." Who that recalls the mood in which he first read Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, will hesitate to say, that not one of the wondrous fictions, the story of whose origin it unfolds, is read with a more absorbing attention ? But our interest, which may well enough be pardoned for dwelling on the discovered mysteries of the Magician of the North, stoops much lower. After gazing with awe into the penetralia of genius, we are not unthankful for permission to explore the more common chambers of talent. Of all articles of *virtu* in the market, none find a readier sale than those autographic scraps which the writer would willingly have kept within his most private portfolio. It is deemed fortunate that the world has not lost the documentary evidence of the secret, once so carefully kept, that the wit which sparkles in buoyant globules all over *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, instead of being the product of an instantaneous effervescence, was created by the patient elaboration of years. Curiosity descends even to the homely details of the epistolary art. We are delighted to find that Hume, the most indolent of mortals, seldom accepted an invitation to dinner without taking pains to transcribe, sometimes more than once, the note in which he signified his acceptance.

Certainly, then, it ought not to be thought matter unworthy of inquiry how histories are written ; yet of all those who find curiosities in every other department of literature, how few consider that this, in some respects the most important and the most difficult of all, may equally well reward attention. If we reflect on the amount of labor required for the compilation even of the most unpretending history, and bear in mind that the maker of it has generally no fame to look forward to, and very little profit, we shall be convinced that hardly any

literary labor is so inadequately rewarded as this, and shall wonder how it is that the artist is supported in his work, and encouraged to persevere. The mere occurrence of events is never a sufficient reason why men should take to recording them. Even the genealogist can find little value in isolated facts. A collection of them may be used as canvas, on which the skill and taste of the painter may be displayed, or the lesson of the moralist and the philosopher may be illustrated. The former was the mode adopted by the ancients, who constructed histories as they wrote poems, expecting the same kind of fame as the reward of artistic excellence. In our modern times, political motives have had much influence in the production of books of this class. M. Augustin Thierry began to write with the belief that he, like most of those around him, was devoting his energies to politics. His early readers thought so too. We are told in this volume how both he and they came to be undeceived. In 1820, he began to publish, in the *Courrier Français*, a series of articles entitled *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France*. He wrote with enthusiastic ardor.

"Doubtless," he says, "I may have overestimated the practicability of bringing to view with the distinctness of scenic representation, the people as they existed at each epoch of our history; but this very illusion lent to my words the more warmth and interest."

The consequences were, that the populace cheered and the government persecuted.

"From the appearance of my second letter, I was treated by the journalists of the anti-liberal side as a public enemy. They accused me of aiming at the dismemberment of France, and of shaking the throne in robbing it of five centuries of its age. The censor mutilated many of my pages, and with his red ink quite cancelled the dissertation on the true epoch of the establishment of the monarchy."

A zealous political writer, we may readily believe, was not to be daunted by attacks like these, while encouraged by the approval of a hundred thousand readers; and M. Thierry tranquilly kept on his way. But, he tells us, an unexpected mortification succeeded.

"In proportion as I entered deeper into the discussion, the

political tinge faded off, disclosing the unattractive learning beneath. The interest of my articles was now limited to those alone who had a genuine fondness for scientific inquiry. Many letters, expressive of discontent, arrived one after another; and so bitterly did they speak of the *long articles, fit enough for the Journal des Savans*, that the persons who had direction of the *Courrier*, fearing a loss of subscribers, besought me to change my subject. I replied, that I had no desire to employ my pen on any but historical matters; and, in January, 1821, I ceased writing for the *Courrier Français*."

It was, then, not the enthusiasm which is inspired by political zeal that formed M. Thierry's chief support during his protracted and painful labors. We would not deny either the sincerity of his love of progress and hatred of absolutism, or the necessity of allowing such principles to have their influence on the historian as well as the citizen. No one can read our author's works without seeing in every chapter abundant evidence that he has faith in humanity, perhaps excessive faith. He is even more a republican than a Frenchman. He gives us clearly to understand, that wherever one race of men are oppressed by another, his heart and voice are on the side of the weaker. Still, liberalism is not the characteristic of M. Thierry's writings, — not that which entitles them to be treated as belonging to a class of their own. If his political sympathies have added much to the spirit of his works, they have not contributed the method.

That method he himself explains in the book before us. Some of our readers may here learn for the first time that the book itself is in existence, although it is now some fifteen years old. The History of the Norman Conquest, however, *is* known to American readers, and they cannot but be ready to hail with pleasure any thing that may throw light on its author's literary biography. *Dix Ans d'Études!* How much these words suggest! For years spent as M. Thierry spends them deserve to be called years of *study*. A writer on chronology, whose name is more familiarly known than his book, though that is by no means without merit, insists on the devotion of this very space of ten years as essential to the attainment of such a knowledge of history as every gentleman ought to possess. It would be amusing, and not un instructive, to compare his course of study with that pursued by our

historian. The latter would prove on trial not the least laborious, yet the most attractive ; and, if an inference may be drawn from M. Thierry's own shining example, the most fruitful of results.

From 1817 to 1827, M. Thierry's labors were divided between two objects,—the history of the English people, and the history of the French people. These terms are of moment. He was not engaged upon the history of the country, France ; nor of the country, England ; nor yet did he occupy himself with the acts of their rulers and great men, — their kings, generals, and statesmen. Thierry loves to take races as individual existences, and to view them psychologically. In these ten years, spent as they were in diligent and thoughtful investigation, his opinions, of course, underwent some change. At each step of his progress he was learning new facts, and at each step, too, his mind was increasing in vigor, and enabling him the better to grasp and estimate what he learned. But during the whole period, he was using his pen ; and he has collected in this book such of these writings as are not embodied in his completed works. The book, accordingly, is made up of two sets of essays, more or less fragmentary. The pieces of each set, being arranged in chronological order, and presented to us (so we are given to understand) in the shape in which they came from the mind of the author, the whole collection may well "be of interest both to those who, having witnessed the final result of the author's labors, may be curious to know each point of the route which he has passed over, and to those who take pleasure in observing how the human mind proceeds in its individual developments." Yet it is not this part of the volume that we have read with most interest. We may undoubtedly see here how broad generalizations, struck out from the heated imagination of youth, have subsequently, in obedience to the dictates of experience and truth, been contracted to narrower limits and shorn of something of their glow. And we may even learn to accept with more confidence the final conclusions of a writer who has made so frank an exhibition of his early errors, and who has immediately, on recognizing that they were errors, so heroically abandoned them. After all, however, the Thierry of '27 is the Thierry of '17 ; and though an acute critical comparison of these fragments might

bring to view a more regular and clearly marked progression of mind than a cursory reading has made apparent to us, we can certainly point out assertions towards the close of the decennium quite as heterodox as any that precede them. What shall be said, for instance, to our author's declaration, in 1827, that "the word *Parliament* has done the history of England more harm than the thing itself has done the country good?"

The part which we value most is the Preface. In the compass of these fifty pages, we have an autobiographical sketch of remarkable vividness. The whole should be read, and in its own sinewy, untranslatable language. The scholar places himself before our view with his toils, his discouragements, his sufferings; and he communicates to us something of the untamable enthusiasm and resolute fixedness of purpose which, we are confident, even harder trials could not have subdued. Whether it be that there is a peculiar picturesqueness in this description, or that the circumstances themselves contain a suggestive power through their likeness to occurrences in the inner life of every man who has felt the hope (and who has not at some time been stirred by that dreamy and strangely exhilarating aspiration?) that he might have strength to leave behind him something "which the world should not willingly let die," we know not; but from some cause, the scene here presented is one which we cannot contemplate without an earnest sympathy. It teaches, at least, how unreasonable is that popular notion which would confine our interest to genius struggling after the grander walks of life. We have here no ambitious young soldier; no orator panting for an occasion; no politician, eager only for advancement; but one who, intent on none of these things, would win fame by picking history out of a parcel of monkish chronicles. We see him roaming restlessly through libraries, cramped by perpetually seeing around him evidences of what has been done, while tormented with doubt as to what he himself is to do. Suddenly a vision of order bursts on the chaos.

"One day, when reading attentively some chapters of Hume, I was struck with a thought which appeared to me a ray of light, and closing the book, I cried, 'All this dates from a Conquest;—there is a conquest at the bottom!' Instantly I conceived the

project of remaking the history of the English Revolutions by considering them from this new point of view."

Then had to come that trying reaction, when the mind, after an unnatural excitement, falls back upon itself, — a trying revulsion, because it is the test of the spirit's worth. It is not strange for any one to feel the intoxication of ambitious desire, nor do any man's faculties, when thus quickened, fail to shape out for him a plan which seems to insure success to him who shall be able to follow it. At the subsidence of this tumultuous agitation of mind, comes first a sensation of weakness, — a fear that too mighty a task has been attempted. This, however, can well enough be borne; time and rest, and that confidence in self, which is a part of the life of the soul, will cure it. Not here does the trial lie; but in the after conviction, which, although it begins with a fever and a quaking, is only confirmed by protracted thought, — in the sickening thought, that the plan itself, the darling scheme that appeared at once so brilliant and so sure, is a vain phantasm. The traveller did not falter when the mountainous way that stretched before him seemed lofty and difficult; but now the path itself is sunken, and leaves an abyss. At this point it is, that the weak spirit gives up in despair, and either preys morbidly on its own energies, or turns to the common business of the world, content to exist an undistinguished unit amidst a million others, and expecting to inscribe its name on no more enduring monument than a tombstone. Thierry approved himself a man of another stamp. Not discouraged because history was too stubborn to be bent into the shape which his imagination had conceived, he plunged the deeper into those mocking records, determined that they themselves should teach him the way to be original and great. He did not throw away his first plan, but kept it in reserve, subject to be modified, as far as need should require, and at some day, if his faithful researches should open an opportunity, to be put to use. The opportunity did eventually come; but meanwhile he gave a share of his attention to early *French* history also. He read with untiring diligence, turning away from no book or manuscript, however repulsive. Occasionally he met something which refreshed him like a fountain in a desert. Such an oasis was Ducange's Glossary, of which he speaks in enthusiastic terms, and



Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo Saxons*. At last, in 1821, he entered definitively upon his great work. We quote his own account of this important era in his life.

"In a word, I resolved, if I may be pardoned the expression, to build my epopee, to write the *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*, by mounting up to its first causes, in order subsequently to descend to its latest consequences ; to paint this grand event in the truest colors, and under the greatest number of aspects ; and, as the theatre for such diversified scenes, to take not England only, but all the countries far and near, which had felt the influence of Norman settlements, or the repercussion of the Norman victory. In this extended framework I meant to find room for all the important questions which had before successively occupied my mind ; — the question, namely, of the origin of the modern aristocracies, that of the character of the primitive races, their moral differences, and their coëxistence on the same soil ; and the question even of the historic method, considered with reference to that form and style which I had recently been attacking in my *Letters on the History of France*. What I had counselled I wished to put in practice ; at my own peril, I wished to make trial of my theory. In short, I was ambitious to be the exemplar of an Art as well as of a Science ; to be dramatic by means of materials which a sincere and scrupulous learning should supply. I set myself to work with a zeal proportionate to the difficulties of the enterprise."

What makes M. Thierry's example so valuable is, that with him, a fervid and imaginative temperament always impels to persevering labor. He informs us how he went from library to library ; "from Sainte Geneviève to the Arsenal, from the Arsenal to the Institute ;" in winter, disregarding the freezing atmosphere of some unwarmed ancient gallery, and in summer, patient under the mid-day sun. He describes this part of an author's life with equal poetry and graphic truth.

"The weeks and months, as they rolled rapidly by, saw me in the midst of these preparatory researches, where I was met by none of the thorny discouragements of composition ; where the spirit, hovering over the materials which it is gathering, builds and rebuilds at its pleasure, and constructs with a breath the ideal model of the edifice which, sometime later, must be reared piece by piece, slowly and laboriously. . . . By dint of devouring long folio pages to extract a single phrase, and, in some cases, a single word, out of a thousand, my eyes acquired

a faculty which astonished me, and for which I cannot account ; that of reading, as it were, by intuition, and of falling almost immediately on the passage that ought to have an interest for me. The vital force seemed to concentrate itself towards a single point. In the species of ecstasy which absorbed all my internal faculties, while my hand was turning over the leaves of the volume, or putting down notes, I had no consciousness of what passed around me. The table at which I was seated was crowded with books and relieved of them, the officials of the library and curious visitors came and went through the hall ; I heard nothing, I saw nothing ; — I saw only the apparitions called up in my soul by what I read. The recollection is still impressed on me ; and since that era of early labor, it has never been my fortune to have so vivid a perception of the personages of my drama, of those men, so contrasted in race, manners, feature, and destiny, who successively presented themselves to my spirit, some chanting to the Celtic harp the never ending expectation of the return of Arthur, others guiding their barks through the tempest with as little care for themselves as the swan that sports on the lake ; others, in the intoxication of victory, heaping up the spoil won from vanquished foes, measuring the land with a line in order to a regular partition, and counting over captive families by the head as so many cattle ; others again, deprived by a single defeat of all that made life of any value, seeming either to submit with resigned patience to the sight of strangers seated as masters at their own firesides, or running in frantic desperation to the forest, to live there as wolves live, in rapine, slaughter, and freedom.”

Then follows a beautiful picture of friendship, — of that refined communion of intellect as well as soul, the capability of enjoying which, more perhaps than any other attribute, is the distinction and the privilege of those whom the combined influences of nature and education have raised above the ordinary level of mankind. The next passage in his life is as full of interest and instruction as any thing that precedes.

“ Thus passed the year 1821, whose most trifling incidents have a charm for me as I recall them, perhaps because this year answers, in the mysterious union which was then forming between the author and his work, to the first month, the sweetest month, of marriage. I entered, in 1822, on a period of toil harsher and less attractive ; I began to *write*. Here it is, indeed, — in this realm where Fancy no longer bears rule, but, in its stead, calculating Thought, — in this intellectual process, by which we endeavor to make clear to the eyes of others objects

that we have seen very clearly ourselves, — it is here that weariness and chagrin meet the writer. The difficulty of finding an outward form for the ideal work generated in my mind was the greater because I rejected, with a deliberate purpose, the assistance which ordinarily the imitation of a model affords. I sought not to reproduce in my history either the manner of the philosophers of the last century, or that of the chroniclers of the Middle Ages, or even (whatever my admiration of them) that of the narrative writers of antiquity. I proposed to myself a sort of composite method, by which, if my strength should be adequate, I might unite to the epic movement of the Greek and Roman historians, at once the simplicity of coloring of the legendary style, and the severe reason of the moderns.”

The History of the Conquest was finished and published in 1825. Some idea of the general conception to which the author has here given body and form, is furnished by the quotations we have been making. Perhaps no reader of the history stood in want of such explanation. Yet the mere title unquestionably suggests a quite inadequate notion of the nature of the work ; and a person with no other understanding of it than this gives, might be excused for the surprise which he should manifest, on turning over the leaves, at observing in the margins dates denoting that this, which purports to be a history of the *Norman Conquest of England*, extends over a space of time measured in centuries. He would be tempted to exclaim, How is this ? Does not every schoolboy know, that Duke William won the battle of Hastings, and changed his coronet into a crown, in the year of our Lord one thousand and sixty-six ? True ; but M. Thierry proceeds to tell us, what every schoolboy does not know, that when the bones of the great bastard had long been mouldering in the too narrow vault which his sons had purchased for the last resting-place of him who bore the title of Lord of England, Normandy, and Bretagne, the conquest begun by that crafty head and potent arm was still unfinished ; that, for generations thereafter, the Celts, the Saxons, and the Northmen were not fused together, but coëxisted as separate and rival races ; and that many subsequent political commotions, as to whose causes philosophers have been disputing with a waste of acuteness, are, in reality, to be referred to the continuing struggle of those ancient and forgotten, yet most mighty elements. The best description of the work is the summary one

which the author himself has given ; — English history considered in the light of the conquest ; and we have in this enough to account for its most striking peculiarities. Whatever may be thought of the plan in other respects, it has some obvious advantages. Before the author's strength has been wearied, or his imagination dulled, by toiling through details, he surveys the whole field, as Descartes surveyed the heavens, with the eye of genius. At once, a theory flashes on his mind. He seizes and retains it, and, after some necessary modifications, takes it with him through his subsequent labors. It is his guide, — a ready-drawn outline, that leaves him nothing further to do than to find materials for the filling up and the coloring. That part of his duty which ordinarily occasions the historian most embarrassment is the selection of incidents ; unless, indeed, writing at first hand, he is contented to serve as a mechanical annalist, and to jot down notes for the benefit of a successor. The discriminating faculty needs tasking to its utmost. If we suppose all that is false and mistaken got rid of, how shall the *trivial* be discerned ? That which he is anxiously seeking, not mere truth, but important truth, is whimsical and has a very Protean taste in costume. Now, it hides under rags ; again, it is present, where one would still less expect it, amidst the pompous inanities of a court pageant. M. Thierry escapes all this perplexity. He carries with him from the start a test which informs him, with prompt and unerring fidelity, what must be taken and what passed by. Nothing is inserted doubtfully or at random ; there is a reason for every sentence. The narrative is no patchwork of ill-fitting fragments. We who read are in danger neither of being jarred by conflicting statements, nor of having to plod through the morass of some tedious disquisition. Keeping before him an hypothesis, it is the author's care to take no fact which does not agree with and illustrate it. Hence the work is symmetrical, duly developed in every part, like a piece of statuary. In short, according to this method, the choice of materials is no longer left to the hesitating and unequal decision of judgment, but is given over to the determination of taste, — a faculty which acts instinctively and harmoniously.

But the inquiry meets us, — nor is it undeserving of consideration, — how far can this be called the true method of writing history ?

It would be neither just nor expedient to require of the historian, that he should enter on each investigation with a perfectly unbiassed mind. If history has a philosophy, it is a science. They, then, who devote themselves to it have a right to the privileges of other scientific laborers. Now, no discovery, or rather none of those grand generalizations that have shed a lustre on the path of science, was made by patiently examining every pebble which offered itself in that path. Bold conjecture, not less than careful experiment, is an essential part of that process which now, as heretofore, is most promising of great results. We are accustomed to talk of the historian's duty to set down facts accurately and faithfully ; yet in truth, historians, in every case, at least, where they are not dealing with contemporary events, encounter no facts, but a host of statements in regard to which it is a question whether they be facts or not. At each step, a problem appears before even the most humble historian, and as he hurries onward in quest of the solution, he experiences all the exhilarating influence which accompanies the effort to solve any problem. No matter whether our writer be engaged on the annals of an empire or of a village ; no matter whether the doubtful point relate to a sovereign's honor or to the longevity of a country squire ; — there is a doubt, and he constructs a theory. The theory may have to give place, on subsequent development, to another, and that to a third ; and perhaps, at the close of the investigation, as much uncertainty may exist as at first. Still, the inquirer has had enjoyment, keen and exquisite. In this pleasure we may recognize the secret source of that continuing and overflowing supply of this useful species of literary production on which we remarked at the outset. The fact is quite inexplicable on the common supposition, that writers of history are a race of dull, plodding creatures ; than which, indeed, nothing is farther from the truth, for no class of men whatever includes more enthusiasts. But do we not find many a history lamentably unentertaining ? Undoubtedly we do ; and for the reason that the author so frequently does not know how to make us sharers of his own excitement. Instead of an account of the successive problems on which he has been engaged, he can give us but the string of dry answers which, in the nature of things, need not be much more amusing than the list of solutions at the end of a

child's game-book, severed from the charades and anagrams to which they belong. Sentence follows sentence, and we never suspect that the proposition in each is the result and reward of a most animated investigation. M. Thierry, instead of thus dividing his strength among an innumerable multitude of objects, seizes such of those objects as suit his purpose and fits them in places already provided in his scheme. Taking all the minute hypotheses which, in their single and unconnected state, are adequate to enliven the toil of the common historian, he makes them members of one grand hypothesis. His history differs from theirs in the same way that Caleb Williams differs from a bundle of magazine stories.

There is another and more important view to be taken of this subject. History — meaning by the term, all events collected — can afford us, on mere observation, no more distinct and comprehensive understanding than a savage has of the movement of the heavenly bodies, or of electrical and chemical phenomena. In complexity, indeed, and intricacy, and confused blending of fact with fact, a world of pure matter cannot be compared to one in which there are not only material agents at work, but appetites and passions, — spiritual forces indefinite, innumerable, and of endless diversity. So there is good reason why this universal life, this aggregate of millions of individual existences, should appear a chaos to any one who, raising himself out of the moving mass, pauses to contemplate its heavings. Yet, as in the grosser world there are uniformities which strike the rudest observer, so there are in the other or moral world, though far less marked, constant, and numerous. We are able to recognize, at least, that the confusion does not result from the absence of cause, but from the presence of a multitude of intermingling causes, which at times combine in the production of phenomena, at times meet in direct antagonism. But how are these countless agencies to be separated? And these compound effects, by what method may they be apportioned justly among their causes? The resolution of this double question will be the Philosophy of History.

The difficulty once clearly discerned, we are in a condition to appreciate the attempt which has been made towards its solution by the school of which, we suppose, M. Augustin Thierry may be considered a founder, as he is confessedly one

of its brightest ornaments. The process they adopt is something like this: In history, and even in the limited portion of the living universe that comes beneath our immediate observation, certain uniform sequences may be distinguished. One of these is expressed in the proverb, — like father, like son. This hereditary succession of physical and mental qualities is not invariable; yet the probability of resemblance, appreciable in any particular case, becomes much stronger and more manifest when we apply it to a *community*; and the fact that the doctrine receives additional confirmation the broader and more general we make it, is unquestionable proof that it is founded in nature — that it is, in the scientific sense, a law, or intimately connected with a law. Everybody perceives a national character, that descends from generation to generation, and undergoes little change at any one step. Now, say Thierry and his associates, this individualized aggregate, which has the attribute of possessing character, — this organic existence, Nation, (from *natus*, born, and implying descent from a common ancestry,) does not mean the collection of human beings that may chance to be spread over some given section of the earth's surface, — over this island, or that peninsula, or which we may find dwelling under a certain common government. No, they urge; the *races* of men are what the philosopher must look to.

For so much of the way the process is mainly inductive; but the other logical engine now comes into play. Towards the close of the eleventh century, there were in England, it cannot be questioned, at least three distinct races. From previous records we derive a tolerably clear conception of their several characters; and we know that the relations in which they stood, and the other circumstances of their situation, were such as would naturally make them tend to act in different ways. Here, then, we have certain forces; and if they are adequate to the production of the phenomena we afterwards meet, why not consider them the causes of those phenomena? To take an example: the controversy between Becket and Henry II., which shook England and all Christendom, is one of the most interesting, and perhaps most obscure, events in mediæval history. We see a man who was lifted from the dust by the mere pleasure of the powerful monarch whose wrath he now braves, stand his ground in the contest

like an equal, and this without having at any time the very hearty support of the Hierarch whose battle he is ostensibly fighting. The chronicles inform us, too, of concurrent insurrections throughout England ; the very throne seemed to be rocking. That the danger was not unreal is put beyond doubt by the conduct of Henry himself, both in the submissions he made during Becket's life, and in the deeper abasement to which he descended after his death. Thierry discerns in all this the Saxons rising and making common cause with the stubborn priest, whose triumph they believed to have a connection with their own relief. The records of the times seem to give much countenance to the explanation, and our assent is quite independent of the fact, alleged by Thierry on perhaps insufficient grounds, that Becket was himself of Saxon origin.

But the same reign furnishes another remarkable opportunity for our author's application of his theory. Henry's continental subjects were no more homogeneous than his English ones ; and far less tranquil were they under his rule. In Bretagne, and especially in the Provinces stretching towards the Mediterranean, the standard of revolt was continually rising. The insurgents had always in their camp one or another of the King's headstrong sons. These wars have usually been treated as mere family quarrels ; yet so unnatural does it seem that children should wantonly take up arms against a father at once kind and sagacious, that chroniclers and minstrels have attributed their undutiful folly to the persuasions of a crafty and malignant tempter, Bertrand de Born, the famous Troubadour. Men, however, even bad and unscrupulous men, do not commonly act like devils from the mere love of mischief ; and Bertrand must be supposed to have had some deeper motive. Though an accomplished courtier, he belonged to the subjugated Celtish stock. From such data, it is not strange that Thierry should infer that this person was actuated by a stern, reflecting patriotism, and that his efforts were accompanied and made important by the instinctive struggles of a people restless under a foreign yoke. Bertrand appears to him a man devoting all his wonderful powers, in the spirit of savage heroism, to one object, — and that the freedom of his country, to be effected by sowing dissension among its lords. The character of the Celts is



plausibly adduced as favoring the hypothesis, — a people brave enough in the field, but distinguished for a mental activity disposing them to prefer to attain an end by other means than animal force. To such a people, craft and dissimulation are not uncongenial. The scheme, too, of which Bertrand is supposed to have made himself the apostle, however visionary and impracticable, was one that might very well have attractions for a mind like his. To go from Frank to Norman, and from Norman to Frank, inspiring each by his artful eloquence with bitter hostility to the other ; to infuse discord into the very households of the fierce and haughty oppressors ; to arm sons against their father, brethren against each other ; to be the master spirit directing this storm of passion and crime, calmly purposing that the elements of havoc, by exhausting themselves in mutual conflict, should leave the Gallic land a peaceful abode for the old Gallic race, — such a scheme, it is not difficult to believe, might readily suggest itself to a mind deficient in moral balance, but full of enthusiasm and conscious energy. It would seem that no fairer occasion could be found to exemplify the theory which reduces history to a conflict of races, and to prove its value.

Here, however, a minute examination does not confirm the speculations of our historian. The authorities he himself cites, and the sources of information thrown open by the diligence of the Benedictine historiographers, leave little room for doubting that the old view is the more correct ; so far as the domestic broils which embittered the declining years of the first Plantagenet were not merely the enacting on a royal stage of those scenes of senseless and unnatural bickering which are too familiar in ordinary life to provoke either the notice or the reprobation they deserve, they are accounted for by the evident interest which the French king had in breaking the power of his overgrown vassal. The Troubadour was rather a tool than a governing spirit.

Yet if this part of M. Thierry's history fails to command our entire assent to its philosophy, it has other qualities which deserve unstinted praise. Let those who, in Lord Littleton, and even in Hume, have been unable to appreciate the romantic brilliancy of the reign of Henry II., read the narrative of our author, and enjoy the dramatic interest which he has thrown over it. The closing events of the old monarch's

life, the death-scene of his eldest son, Henry Fitz-Henry, as the chroniclers sometimes style him; the storming of the castle of Hautefort; the capture of Bertrand, and his appearance before the King, when, in sight of the axe and the block, and all the apparatus of death, the hardy Provençal, who had boasted that "he was master whenever he pleased of King Henry and his sons," is asked with a bitter taunt what plea he can offer for his life; the answer of eloquent simplicity and deep art, which turns that hour of hopeless extremity into one of triumph, — all these incidents, each so striking in itself, produce such an effect by their combination that, but for the references and citations in the margin, one can hardly be persuaded that they are historic realities. Nowhere, perhaps, could a better groundwork be found for a historical play. So rapidly do events crowd on each other that it would be possible, with little infringement of truth, to adhere to the strictest rule of the unities; while the characters, female and male, are so strongly marked and admirably contrasted, that they might be taken from history directly to the theatre. Yet he will be a rash man who shall attempt, though with the assistance of poetic diction and of all the machinery of the drama, to follow M. Thierry.

The consideration of these two instances, and especially of the second, shows very plainly why it is, that the theory of this school of French historians cannot be adopted *as a theory*, however it may be recommended by talent and laborious research. It is inadequate. There are other and independent forces, besides those it includes. The phenomena are far too complex to be so readily analyzed. And even if a nation's history were nothing more than the result of the action of the several races composing it, the investigation would still be attended with very great difficulties. The phenomenon, reduced to this simple form, is (as Michelet observes) of the chemical type; the elements mingled together produce, not a compound of distinguishable parts, but a new thing with attributes of its own. You cannot put a nation into a retort or a crucible. The objection may also be raised, that these very races, which we are told to keep our eyes upon, are not simple elements. This, it is true, might easily be answered, if it could be shown that the law of union alters at the point where races are combined to constitute peoples.

Mineralogy, it can be urged, is a science as well as chemistry. Without being able to analyze quartz, felspar, and mica, or knowing how much silicium, aluminum, &c., they contain, we may recognize that the three together constitute granite. So likewise, quartz, felspar, and hornblende in mechanical union make up syenite. These two rocks thus differ with respect to their third constituent. If, now, one whose knowledge goes no farther than this, should hear of a third rock, called syenitic granite, he would be guided at once to the inference that this is the descriptive name of quartz, felspar, and mica, the ingredients of granite, in combination with hornblende, the distinguishing ingredient of syenite; and he may have, besides, a tolerably accurate notion of the appearance and general character of this yet unseen formation. If we are sure that a certain nation is composed of the race A, and the race B, and the race C; that a second nation consists of A, B, and D; and finally, that a third consists of A, B, C, and D, — why should we not be able, from a knowledge of the two first nations, to draw correct inferences as to the character and history of the third? Because (if for no other reason) the analogy fails at the critical point; when races mingle, they mingle chemically.

This last truth does more than show an insuperable difficulty in the practical use of the theory; it goes a good way towards proving that, considered philosophically and in the abstract, the theory is vicious. In other words, it would seem that, if we are to make a science of history, we must resort to some other principle of analysis, and that this one, so far from being an assistance, leads us aside into fruitless labors.

But coming down from speculative dreams, which there is very little hope of our ever seeing realized, to the particular subject matter of M. Thierry's work, the general history of the English people, it is of consequence to know whether, without regard to the point of view from which he looks, he has seen the objects themselves correctly. What is the origin of that nation whose destiny it seems to be to fill the vacant places of the whole earth? How much does it owe of its energetic qualities to one of its two sources, and how much to the other? If we take the records, and trace its annual course from the eleventh century down, we shall find it difficult to see when it was, that the race which came over

with William lost the controlling influence which it plainly possessed immediately after the conquest. On the other hand, the Saxons cannot have disappeared. Impressed with both facts, one is tempted to think of the Anglo-Saxon people as a bulky carcase, into which the Norman elements entered as a quickening soul. Some would remove the wonder by telling us that, in our sense of the word, there was no conquest at all; and that William ascended the English throne simply as Edward's lawful successor, — a procedure much like that which takes place when, under the feudal system of inheritance, the lands of John Stiles fall at his death to his twentieth cousin, to the total exclusion of his brothers of the half-blood, which event, though not altogether accordant with our notions of fitness and right, we yet never think of calling a tyrannous usurpation. We cannot bring ourselves to any such belief. There may have been no complete conquest of the English people at Hastings; but that a conquest, properly so called, and overwhelming as a deluge, did at some time occur, we have irrefragable proof. Recognizing the conquest to the fullest extent, Thierry has not permitted himself to believe that the subjugated people can have yielded to their fate without many an impatient struggle. It is natural to expect that the hardy race of freebooters, whose standard of the war-horse had been a signal of terror to every shore on which it had been planted, would not sink at the first command into submissive slavery. Not one of us but must have looked for some displays of heroism by them; but we look in vain for one great and earnest effort made by them to redeem the name and the fortunes of their race.

Thierry feels and confesses a high admiration for Scott, who, for reach and penetrating acuteness of vision, is the standing shame of most historians. And an aggravation of the shame it might appear, that a romance writer should show a more ready appreciation of character, and should more vividly present before us real personages and events, than those whose business and profession it is to be faithful limners. Yet to this length of censure it is not right to go. No man is bound to equal Shakspeare, nor to equal Scott. It is possible, however, for the historian to take profitable lessons from both. This M. Thierry has done. But it is evident that he who follows a winged guide must needs have a strong and

discriminating head. Scott has little occasion even to *see* things as they are, much less to represent them to us as they are. When he encounters a chasm, romance lifts him over in impunity ; while the historian, his follower, who cannot soar, must halt on the brink, or proceed at his peril. If Scott's picture is often as faithful a copy of the reality as any picture can be, it is because the true events and characters have more romantic interest than any that could be substituted for them. At the very time that he has seen, and enabled us to see, much that historians have been blind to, he has thrown a gorgeous veil over much that the historian ought both to perceive and exhibit. Truth and brilliant falsehood are mingled in the composition of all his romances, and in what the merit of them lies we shall find out when we begin to examine, whether those that are confessedly the greatest possess also the largest share of the former element. Take *The Talisman* ; — what more fascinating and delightful narrative ! But has it the qualities of history ? In its scenes and incidents, it must be admitted to have little more claim to credibility than the adventures of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, as detailed by that renowned, but not over-veracious story-teller Scheherazade. And as to the *characters*, would the Crusaders recognize the portrait of their leader, and the Saracens that of their terrible foe ? Is this Richard, the Lion-heart — the chivalrous knight — the self-denying captain — the generous friend — the clement lord — the same that the chronicles (Thierry himself their interpreter) tell us of ; the ferocious, the brutal, the most savage exemplar of a savage age, — a being whose hard and cruel nature is scarcely caricatured in the ballads which tell us that when the monster was hungry, the choice morsel for which he first shouted was a fat Saracen babe ? *The Betrothed* was published along with the *Talisman*, whose shelter it much needed, said Constable ; and readers and critics, even the author himself, have agreed with the shrewd publisher in the opinion of its inferiority. Yet according to our judgment, — and we know not that many, on consideration, will differ from us, — out of the whole list of the *Waverley* romances, none can be pointed out as a more truthful representation of the times of which it treats.

There is one of Scott's works which must have a particular attraction for the historian of the conquest ; and we were not

surprised to find a spirited analysis of *Ivanhoe* constituting a portion of this volume. We have no need to go further for a very good illustration of the difference between romance and history. With M. Thierry, we can discern that *Ivanhoe* contains among its dramatis personæ one who may very well stand as a type of the Anglo-Saxon race ; but his view and ours do not fall on the same individual. If we are right, this representative of the body and substantial groundwork of the English character is not the choleric, high-spirited Thane of Rotherwood, feeding on the memory of the days of Hengist and Horsa, — not Wilfred, winning the respect of the Normans by adapting himself to their customs, and excelling them at their own warlike arts — not Robin Hood, the gentle highwayman, who plundered the rich to feed the poor — nor yet Athelstane the Unready, (though he comes nearer,) who deemed an unstinted supply of venison-pasties, not too strongly flavored with garlic, almost a full satisfaction for captivity. None of these, but the swineherd Gurth is the true type of his race ; and next to Gurth, we should turn to Fangs. Indeed, man and dog ought to be taken as parts of one whole. Here is the nature of a noted race well exemplified, — a nature with propensity enough to vice, and some of whose virtues even have quite a vicious aspect ; yet a nature which is the foundation of all that is most valuable in the English character and in ours. We see the Saxon all before us, with a temper tough as his weather-beaten hide, bowing his shoulder obediently to the heaviest burden, never answering a blow till the smart is gone, yet clinging to property with unflinching tenacity, enduring hardship with a patience that is sullen, and in the most prosperous times giving little other expression of complacency than a surly growl. Not a particle does he possess of that spirit which has kept the races of the Celtic stock distinct and unsubdued for so many ages in the fastnesses of Wales, in the Irish bogs, and in the misty valleys of the Scottish highlands. The Celt, with many of the qualities of poetry and romance, resists all influences, and retains to the last some portion of his individuality, his independence, and, in the same degree, his original barbarism ; the Saxon, quite destitute of the heroic virtues, has few claims on romance, yet so it is that he has won of history a notice such as all the Celts on earth cannot obtain.

It is a truth which we are too often disposed to forget, that the *passive* virtues are those which have most to do with national well-being. The value of these virtues being recognized, it is of little moment whether we attribute them to original organization, or to circumstances, or — which is probably most correct — to both influences. The epitome of English history, as we should state it, is very brief and simple. Our race now bears liberty well because it has been trained in endurance, and has profited by it. The people, the Anglo-Saxons, never could forget, while they were engaged in any contest with their sovereign, that there was another power in the state which they could not choose but regard with awe, — the baronial. As they crouched beneath the heavy hand of their immediate lord, the Norman noble, they learned to bear the additional measure of freedom allowed them from time to time by their king, without being betrayed into an insolence which is its own destruction. They took what was given them, never rejecting any thing because they could not get more. Yet whatever they received, they kept fast hold of; their stubborn tenacity surpassed, if possible, their patience. All this, perhaps, would not have brought that about which we see, had not Providence mercifully provided against their getting free from both their masters at once. When the feudal baron fell, unsmitten by any hand but his own, the sceptre was in no feeble grasp. History can scarcely show us another race of princes like the Tudors. During the reigns of the two Henrys and of Elizabeth, England made a vast advance in constitutional liberty; and that advance, though apparent enough to us, was so gradual, that at the time it was making, most keen-sighted statesmen did not observe it. The people strode on at a steady pace, never breaking into a run, nor even a leap.

Yet it by no means follows, that M. Thierry is to be blamed for constructing his history on an hypothesis, because we are not satisfied that his hypothesis is capable of philosophical verification. A vigorous thinker of our day, whose work is a guide to investigation in every science, well vindicates hypotheses in physics from the indiscriminating censure of those who are anxious to be accounted Baconians of the strictest sect. Such hypotheses are systems of classification, which connect together the separate facts we obtain, and in this way

are a very important assistance to the discovery of the law, or true natural method. Indeed, the hypothesis is not always useless, even after we know the law. For example, we are now very well assured that the earth is not the centre of the universe ; yet astronomy does not disdain, for some of its purposes, to make use of the supposition. A similar justification may be extended to hypotheses in history. They serve as principles of association, to join together events upon whose real, philosophical relations we may vainly speculate forever, and which otherwise must be disconnected and comparatively useless. They render no mean service merely as helps to memory. In continued analogy to the case of a physical science, hypotheses are more useful in the history of obscure periods than of those which are recent and better known. They assist the mind across those dark mediæval wastes, and relieve it from the exhaustion on the one hand, which must be the consequence of attempting to obtain a more definite and exact notion, and from that state of blank inapprehension on the other, in which it passes with closed eyes over every thing, because it is able thoroughly to understand nothing. They are not unlike panoramas, which we do not expect to find as accurate as a minute geographical description, but which convey to us, better than the geography, a conception of the general aspect of nature, and especially of her grander features.

It is possible some admirers of Thierry may regard this as equivocal laudation. We do not so mean it ; yet there is other and higher praise to which he is fairly entitled, — for, after all, whatever importance a historian may attach to his philosophical theories, that quality to which he will owe his most permanent fame is the effectiveness of his narrative. This may seem a humble phrase, yet it comprehends that graceful style, that vivid portraiture of men, that dramatic representation throwing audible voices into the printed page, that orderly arrangement, itself the gift either of genius or of the very highest art, that whole array of qualities, each of which gives the historian high distinction, and which, when united, insure him immortality.

We do not wish these remarks to be taken as an attempt towards a critical estimate of the *History of the Conquest*. We began this article merely with the view of giving some



extracts from an interesting volume little known on this side of the Atlantic, and of connecting them together by a few passing comments. Such, however, is the suggestive nature of the book that it is difficult to resist the temptation which it presents to a wider range of discourse. We do resist as well as we may, and, without pretending to assign M. Thierry's history its proper station as compared with other historical works, or even to decide between the rival claims of its own several excellencies, we would simply say that the author has been more successful in one of the two purposes with which he started than in the other. It was his aim, as we have seen, to make his work a tribute both to a science and to an art. Perhaps there was an incompatibility in the two services; at all events, it seems that the votary, though sincerely persuaded that he was all the time paying his chief homage to the severer and more spiritual goddess, yielded up his heart from the first to the fascinations of the beautiful occupant of the other, and, as he chooses to esteem it, lower shrine. That M. Thierry has given us a model in the historic art we see and know; that he has laid an unexceptionable foundation for the science of history we are constrained to doubt. We would not deny that there are facts which go far to countenance the view of those who refuse to look at history except in connection with ethnology. The case of the Jews, indeed, which is most referred to, is so unique that, instead of building a system on it, we should rather incline to the old-fashioned faith which regarded it as a standing miracle in fulfilment of prophecy. It is quite unnecessary to have recourse to this peculiar instance to establish the truth, that a race may preserve its characteristics for a considerable length of time. The Irish stand forth in proof; and it was the contemplation of this people, (who have a natural connection with a work on the conquests which have taken place in Britain,) that probably led M. Thierry to rely upon his hypothesis more than he would otherwise have done. We have no disposition to undervalue ethnological truths; not only are they intrinsically of importance, but the historian is especially bound to regard them. Yet we do object to making history merely the illustration of ethnology. Ethnological facts, undoubtedly, have sometimes a strong bearing upon history; and of these the historian must take note, as he does of any other important

facts. He will find it difficult to discern them, for, when they are thus influential, they stand out strongly marked and unmistakable; whenever they are not plainly visible, the historian may safely conclude that it is not worth his while to spend much time in searching for them. The task of such recondite investigation had better be left in the hands of the physiologists, to whom it belongs of right, and whose zeal, though recently kindled, and perhaps productive as yet of no very solid results, has brought to light facts sufficiently curious and remarkable to give them a fair claim to all the honor that may attend future discoveries.

In running over the outline which M. Thierry gives us of his ten years' labors, the necessity of selection has compelled us to pass over those portions that have not especial reference to English history, notwithstanding their intrinsic value. We cannot now leave the book, however, without recapitulating, aside from any purpose of criticism, a few additional facts in the author's life as here detailed. His history, immediately on its appearance, procured him a reputation surpassing his hope. But this joy, he plaintively adds, great though it was, had a full and a sad counterpoise. He had bought fame at the price of sight. His own description of the on-coming of his malady, and of the resistance made to it by scholarly enthusiasm, is so poetic that we cannot pass it by. The great task ended, and having become, as he tells us, incapable of reading, he thought at last of repose. Notwithstanding the employment of the most powerful remedies, his sight continued to decline, and as the last prescription of medicine, he was directed to travel. He went to Provence, where his old friend, M. Fauriel, whose researches had reference to the completion of a work on the early history of southern France, joined him.

"Compelled to idleness," he continues, "I followed my laborious companion from city to city, and watched him, not without envy, as he plunged into libraries and collections of old public records to examine every relic of the past. It was thus we occupied many months in traversing Provence and Languedoc. Myself not in a condition to read,—I do not say a manuscript, but the most beautiful inscription on stone,—I still endeavored to derive some benefit from these journeys by studying, on the monuments themselves, the history of the architecture of the middle

ages. I had just sufficient sight to guide my steps ; but when I stood in presence of the edifices or ruins from whose inspection an epoch was to be recognized and a style determined, I know not what internal sense came to the aid of my eyes. Quickened and inspired by what I am willing to call the historic *passion*, I saw farther and more clearly. Not one of the principal lines, not a single characteristic trait, escaped me ; and the readiness of my *coup d'œil*, so uncertain in ordinary circumstances, was a cause of surprise to my attendants. Such are the last perceptions that the sense of sight has given me. One year after, this remnant of joy, so limited and yet of which I had so exquisite an appreciation, was no more allowed me. Sight was all gone."

But his indomitable zeal was not daunted by the necessity of having recourse to the eyes and hands of others, and he engaged in fresh labors ; — like a distinguished historian of our own country, whose resolute contest with a similar affliction has caused us to follow his subsequent course with a more earnest sympathy, and to feel a prouder joy in the triumphs which have crowned it. He undertook, in association with Mignet, a sort of compilation in mosaic-work of original chronicles relating to the history of France, from the fifth to the seventeenth century, on a plan of imposing comprehensiveness, but which, they both at length became convinced, it was necessary to abandon. Then he published, in a connected form and with thorough revision, his *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France*. Afterwards, he thought to join his brother, M. Amédée Thierry, in a great national work which should fully unfold and exhibit the origin of the French people. It seems characteristic of M. Thierry to bestow ready praise, untinctured with the least jealousy, upon all his fellow laborers ; but of this brother he delights to speak in terms of the most loyal affection and pride. He warmly tells us what real pleasure the contemplation of this fraternal league afforded him, and how exhilarating and pure was the hope that, by means of it, "the names of both might be carved into the double base on which the edifice of their nation's history should permanently rest." Amédée Thierry accomplished his part in giving to the world the History of the Gauls ; the other brother, whom we have been following, and who among us has almost exclusively appropriated the family surname, was met by an obstacle worse than blindness, and too strong

even for his courageous energy. He had encountered that other calamity, so appalling to most men, without dismay ; he had "made friendship with darkness." But now, acute pain, attended by prostration of strength, declared the presence of a nervous malady of a serious nature. He was constrained to acknowledge himself vanquished, and this statement closes the account of these ten important years. "Since then," he adds, "I have found no more like them, and have only been able to glean here and there a few hours of labor among long days of suffering."

It is fitting that we should leave M. Thierry to tell us in his own words what lesson is to be drawn from his life. That he should use the tone of a man proudly conscious that he has a right to hold forth his example for imitation, cannot be thought unpardonable in one who has toiled so faithfully, and accomplished so much by his toil. While it is possible that the ardor of his temperament, stimulated by the applause of sympathetic friends, the truly national and Gallic cast of his mind, and, more than all, an earnest, continued, and unre-served devotion to a single aim, may have led him in some measure unduly to magnify his office, and to assign to it a relative importance which we, surveying objects with senses not obscured by so great an elevation, are able to perceive is excessive — still, far from us be any inclination to captious disparagement ; rather let us frankly and cordially declare what an honor it is to any nation that it contains M. Thierry. We may profitably take his exhortation home to ourselves, well knowing that the example set by him and those like him must kindle emulation somewhere, and reckoning it a shame that, while the nations of the Old World are producing such men in what we call their decrepitude, America, in the very prime of its strength, should appear to be giving birth to a puny and degenerate offspring.

"If, as I take pleasure in believing, the interest of science is to be counted in the number of great national interests, I have given to my country all that the soldier gives it who leaves a limb on the field of battle. Whatever be the destiny of my works, this example, I trust, will not be lost. I would have it serve to combat that species of moral enfeeblement which is the disease of the new generation ; — I would have it lead back into the right path of life some one of those enervated souls who, bewailing their

want of faith, and uncertain on what to lay hold, come seeking everywhere and find nowhere, an object of regard and service. What right have they to say, that, in a world like this, there is not air for all lungs, employment for all intellects? Is there not here calm and serious study? And does not this offer a refuge, a hope, a career to be run, to every one of us? With it, a man may endure bad days without feeling their burden; he is the maker of his own destiny, he uses life nobly. This I have done — this I still would do. Had I to recommence my way, I should choose that path which has led me where I am. Blind, and suffering without hope, almost without respite, I can render this testimony, which, coming from me, will not be suspected: — there is in the world something which is worth more than the pleasures of sense, more than fortune, more than health itself, — and this is, devotion to Science.”

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ART. IV. — *Christian Consolations. Sermons designed to furnish Comfort and Strength to the Afflicted.* By A. P. PEABODY, Pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Second Edition. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 1851. 12mo. pp. 367.

WE have read this volume with admiration of its fitness to its design, of the vigor of its style, and the resources of experience and learning it implies. But our regard has been still more strongly drawn to the decided stand taken in it throughout, as to the character of true religion and the importance of the Christian faith; and though we have no space for the large discussion of topics so momentous, we have thought that our readers might entertain a brief treatment of questions alike the most fundamental and the most vexed of our own as well as other days. Our last number, in one of its articles, treated of the relations of science and religion. Welcoming the suggestions therein made, as to the peace and positive harmony that should exist between these two, not as rivals, but as friends, we would continue the subject to such points of observation as the book under notice suggests.

Is religion the child of nature, or a descendant from the skies? born of the earth, or the immediate daughter of God?

the first examination, 59 at the second, 53 at the third, and 81 at the fourth; and nearly three fourths of each class have chosen Latin and Greek."

We think the result will be what it was, ten years ago, when the same liberty of choice was offered to the three upper classes in Harvard College, and nine tenths of them chose Latin and Greek. In this country, it seems necessary for an experiment to be tried a dozen times, before the people can see that the results are uniform and decisive of the question. The sooner colleges recognize this fact, — that the objections to the study of Latin and Greek proceed from those who do not send their children to college, and would not send them under any circumstances, while all who are ambitious to obtain a truly liberal education wish to pursue classical studies, — the better will it be for these institutions, and for the cause of sound learning throughout the country.

#### ERRATA.

Page 119, 35th line from the top,	for "fictitious,"	<i>read</i> factitious.
" 126, 1st "	" for "vapid,"	<i>read</i> rapid.
" 133, 24th "	" for "ever."	<i>read</i> ever?
" 139, 24th "	" for "power,"	<i>read</i> frown.
" 340, 1st "	" for "will find,"	<i>read</i> will not find.